

A Proper Thank You

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Category: Hairspray

Genre: Angst, Drama

Language: English

Status: Completed

Published: 2007-09-20 03:51:51

Updated: 2007-09-20 03:51:51

Packaged: 2016-04-26 16:48:32

Rating: M

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,879

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Hairspray 2007 - He was just trying to say "thank you", but Corney wasn't going to allow him to say it. Well, not through words anyway. SLASH. CORNYXLINK. RATED M. YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED.

A Proper Thank You

Title: A Proper Thank You

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Fandom: Hairspray (2007)

Pairing[s]: Corney/Link (mentions of Link/Amber)

Rating: R (aka M)

Genre: Angst/PWP

Disclaimer: I don't own Hairspray (2007), or am I no way affiliated with New Line Cinema. If I was, I would have money, but I don't. I'm still a poor author. :(

Summary: He was just trying to say 'thank you', but Corney wasn't going to allow him to say it. Well, not through words anyway.

Note[s]: First I Hairspray /I fic ever! I I think /I I have a good knowledge of the movie, seeing that I've seen it quite a few times. Actually, scratch that; I've seen it b a ton /b of times. No, I'm not going to say how many because if I say anything, you'll all think I'm psychotic " not, that I already am. xD Telling you would just make it worse. Hopefully, you guys enjoy it!

"And, we're off."

Link let out a heavy sigh of relief to hear Velma Von Tussle say those words. Today had been a long and day and all he wanted to do was go home and relax.

That morning, they had tryouts in hopes of finding a girl who would be able to replace Brenda and become their new council member. Unfortunately, Mrs. Von Tussle turned them all down. All of them didn't meet the status quo of a 'perfect' council member and Mrs. Von Tussle, along with Amber, made them know that.

Link had to admit that, maybe, he and the rest of the council members were a little harsh on them too, but Amber was the worst of the council " especially to the heavysset girl who said she was all for integration.

He saw her later that day at school, after the council had returned from their practice and was surprised at what he saw.

She was in the detention room, which, in its own right was shocking. Very few " and when Link said, very few, he meant _very few_ " white kids ever ended up in detention. That was reserved for the colored kids " the 'trouble makers' of the school. So, that was shocking, but that wasn't what really shocked him. No, it was the way she danced. This girl, even though she was a heavysset girl, could move. She could move swiftly and groove as if she was just one of the colored kids in school.

She should be the new council member on _The Corny Collins Show_.

It was a little awkward at first when he opened the door and entered, but he just played it cool as he told her that Corny was hosting the hop and, he knew that if Corny saw her dancing like that, he'd put her on the show. She gave a sheepish nod in agreement before the bell rang and the both of them went to exit the room. His shoulder made contact with hers and quickly, he apologized for running into her before he left and headed outside to the bus that would take him, and the rest of the council, back to the studio for that afternoon's show.

Now, the show was done for the day and it was time to go home.

"Bye Link!" Amber cried out and kissed him on the cheek. "See you tomorrow!" she finished as she began to run off toward her mother.

"See ya lil' darling," he called back, smiling softly at his girlfriend.

"Link."

The young dancer turned away from Amber's fleeing form and whipped around to come face to face with Corny.

"Oh, hey Corny. What's up?" Link asked as he gave Corny a small smile.

"Let's walk and I'll talk," the host replied as he put his hand on Link's shoulder and began to walk across the studio. Link quickly noticed that he and Corny were the only two people left in the studio beside a few lingering crewmen.

"You know 'Ladies' Choice', right?" Corny asked as they walked toward what Link noticed was Corny's dressing room. Being the host of your own show had its perks.

"Yeah," the younger one answered as he glanced up to Corny.

"Well," he paused for a moment, "I want you to sing it at the hop."

Link's eyes went wide. "Really?" he asked wanting to make sure that what the host told him was the truth.

The two stopped in front of Corny's dressing room. The older male smiled and nodded. "Yep. I want our very own Link Larkin singing at the hop."

A huge grin came upon Link's lips. "Sweet!" he cried out before he began to panic. "Oh man, I'd better get home an' start practicing. I mean, I've got it down, but I don't wanna make a fool of myself. I'll see--"

"Whoa," the host began and he grasped on to Link's jacket sleeve, "don't I deserve a 'thank you' before you run off and worry to death?" he questioned with a smile on his face and a chuckle escaping his throat.

Link faced Corny. "Oh, sorry," he replied sheepishly, rubbing his hand on the back of his neck. "Thank â€" mmph."

Corny's lips smashing against his own in a sloppy kiss swallowed up Link's 'thank you'.

The younger male's eyes went wide with shock as he felt Corny's lips move against his and he knew he should pull away, but he couldn't. His body was frozen in its place and soon, his body began to react to the older male. His lips began to move slowly and experimentally against Corny's own and it made Corny smile into the kiss as he decided to push his luck a little farther.

Corny pushed his tongue passed his own lips and gently pressed the tip of it against Link's lips, urging them ever so softly to part and willingly, they did. The grin on Corny's face grew and when his tongue entered the youth's mouth, it quickly began to taste the sweetness that was Link.

Link's mind was screaming at him to stop this madness. He had Amber. He liked girls. He didn't like guys, but his body wasn't listening. His body was becoming aroused at the situation he was under. Corny's soft lips and talented tongue were doing things to his body that he had never felt before â€" things he had never felt with Amber. The actions even caused an involuntary moan to escape passed his lips and into the older male's dominating mouth.

Upon hearing, and feeling, that small moan, the host pulled away with a smirk on his lips. "That, was a proper 'thank you'," he replied lowly, blue eyes meeting blue eyes for a split second before he turned away and opened his dressing room door.

Link stood there, staring at the older male as he entered the

dressings room. He was very confused " not to mention _very_ aroused " at what had just happened and now, Corny was just going to leave him like this? No. He wouldn't have it. He wanted answers.

Opening the door, which was just about to close, Link entered the dressings room and Corny looked up to him, but quickly looked away, that smirk still on his lips as the youth shut the door behind him.

"I thought you'd be heading-"

"You can't do that."

"Do what?" Corny asked as he looked into one of the three large mirrors hanging on the wall and he began to loosen up his tie, his blue eyes keep tabs on the boy behind him.

"Leave me like that!" Link cried and slowly, Corny turned to face him, that damned smirk _still_ _plastered_ on his face and immediately, Link realized that he should not have said that.

"Oh-"

"No, that's not " I didn't-"

"Did I awaken Little Link?" Corny questioned as he took a few strides towards the youth, his blue eyes skimming down Link's body to see the bulge that had formed beneath the younger male's blue pants.

"Um, I-" Link stuttered as he backed away from the older male, who continued to stride toward him, attacking him as if he were his prey, but there was no way to escape. All too soon, the youth's back collided with one of the four light blue walls that surrounded him and Corny.

The older male looked back up to meet the younger male's blue eyes. "I guess I did," he spoke, his voice low and sultry as his body pressed every so slightly against the youth's own, trapping him between the wall and himself. "Didn't I?" he whispered, his hot breath tingling against Link's lips as one of Corny's hands reached out and grasped the dancer's hard member.

Link squeezed his eyes shut as a small moan of pleasure escaped his cherry lips and Corny grinned at the reaction.

A few moments later, skilled fingers had undone the zipper of Link's blue pants and the hand slid slowly underneath the silk and cotton layers before it grasped onto the hard flesh underneath. The hand stroked the flesh slowly at first, causing the youth to release soft moans and whimpers before it gained speed, moving faster across the hard flesh. The quickening speed caused more moans to escape Link's parted lips and with a few more quick strokes, Link was finished. With a violent shudder, he came, spilling himself onto Corny's hand and onto his own clothes before letting his body fall heavily against the wall.

Corny let a smile cross his lips as he felt the stickiness spill onto his hand before slowly removing it from Link's now limp member. As the youth breathed heavily, trying to regain his breath back, Corny reached over to the end table and grabbed some tissue to clean

himself off. After he finished with himself, he handed a wad of tissues to the youth, who looked at him with half-lidded eyes before looking down to the tissues. Silently, Link took the wad from the host's hand before he began to clean himself off. Corny smiled gently and walked away from him, back over to the mirror where he began to remove his silk tie fully from his neck.

When the young singer was done cleaning himself off, he threw the wad of tissues into the garbage can a few feet in front of him before looking up to Corny. Corny looked back at him through the mirror as he pulled the tie from around his neck and threw it onto the back of the chair, a smile on his lips, but he stayed silent and Link took that as his cue to leave. Silently, Link walked toward the dressing room door.

The lock of the door clicked open and Link exited, but not without hearing Corny's last words. "See you at the hop."

****AN: **Please Review! I would love to know what you guys thought of it.**

End
file.